



VOL. I.

2

KOSSUTH.

## Louis Kossuth.

**T**HINKING, dear young reader, that as Kossuth is now in our country, and as people are making so much noise about him, you would like to become a little better acquainted with him than most of you at present are, we have concluded to give you a short history of him together with the likeness which you will see on the page preceding this. The portrait is from a life of Kossuth, which is soon to be published by Phinney & Co., of this city, and which we have no doubt will be very interesting. Perhaps your parents will purchase one from which you will be able to learn much more about the "Great Magyar," as Kossuth is called, than we have room to tell you of here. The picture represents him very much as he would appear to you, were you to meet him in the street. But to the history.

First of all, however, if you will get your school Atlas and turn to the map of Europe, and look to the north and east of Turkey, you will see, as a part of Austria, a country called Hungary, and this is the country to which Kossuth belongs. He was born in the northern part of Hungary, at a place called Monok, on the 27th day of April in the year 1806. His family—that is, those bearing his name who lived before him—was very ancient, but not very rich. They seem by the accounts we have of them to have been if not rich, at least honorable: and not the least of their merits was that of being true lovers of their country, to which they were so devoted that the government of Austria had often treated them with great severity, yet they kept on laboring for the good of their people, as true patriots always will.

When Kossuth was a boy, he was remarkable for the gentleness and sweetness of his disposition, very unlike a great many boys we meet with now-a-days. Yes, and if you wish ever to be truly great you must imitate him in this, for in truth those who have really been the greatest men—aye and women too, little girls—have been as really among the gentlest, the most obedient, and the most truthful, while they were young.

As he was very poor it was no easy matter for him to get an education; but he had so much enthusiasm along with his gentleness, and gave so much promise of future eminence, that a young clergyman undertook to instruct him. It was about this time that his father, a brave old man who had fought with the Austrians in their wars against Napoleon Bonaparte, died; and about the same time also, his tutor, the young clergyman, went away to some other field of labor, thus leaving him, poor boy, to get learning in the best way he could, which was but a slow way you may be sure. However, there is nothing, aside from the help of God, like perseverance, as perhaps you have often been told, and this the young Kossuth proved to be true, for this, together with such little aid as he could get from a few friends, enabled him to gather together a large stock of useful knowledge.

In the year 1825, when he was about nineteen years of age, Kossuth went to the capital of Hungary, a city called Pesth, and there commenced she study of law, and began at once to be noticed for the nobleness of his sentiments, and for his unusual eloquence. As soon as he had completed his law studies, finding but

little encouragement where he was, he, in 1830, went home again to Monok, and established himself, with great success, as a lawyer. In 1832 he became a member of the Hungarian Diet—or Legislature, as we call such in our country—and, though in an under capacity at first, his great abilities, together with his zeal in the cause of his country, gained for him, after a while, a place among the highest men of his country. He always acted like a brave and a true man. No threat of tyrants could make him give up the cause of his people. He loved them, and at all hazards would serve them, which so angered the Emperor and government of Austria, who were the oppressors of his people, that in 1837 they seized Kossuth and shut him up in a gloomy prison, in the lower walls of the fortress of Pesth, where he was kept shut up for three long years, before he regained his liberty.

It was while thus imprisoned that he became acquainted with the young lady, the daughter of a nobleman, who is now his wife; and a worthy wife, she is, too. She first loved him on account of his virtue and his sufferings.

Though his imprisonment had been so severe, Kossuth did not give up; but no sooner was he at liberty, than, like a true hero, he was at it again, battling away with might and main for his country's freedom. Ah! my boy—you I mean, who are now reading what I have written—that is the way *you* must do, in every *good* cause. Stand by it, and defend it, in the teeth of all opposition. *Never give up the right.*

Well, thus Kossuth went on, doing valiantly for liberty and justice, until October 1848, when a fierce and terrible war was

commenced by Austria on the Hungarians. The causes of that war, and its history, I have not room to relate here. You will find them narrated in some larger work. In that war the Hungarians fought most nobly, and showed themselves to be far too muckle for wicked Austria, and so the Emperor of Austria sent off post-haste to Russia, for help, which came, and thus, brave and victorious as the Hungarians were, so great a force from without, and the treachery of one of their own generals within, was too much for even them, and so, at last, they were overcome, and Kossuth, who was then governor of Hungary, was forced to fly for safety; and he, with a number of his generals, escaped to Turkey, where he was held a prisoner until, through the influence of the American and English governments, he was, last September, set at liberty, and permitted to sail for the United States, which he immediately did, stopping awhile in England on his way; and here, in our country, he now is. We have no doubt that he is a truly great and good man, and trust he will never prove himself to be otherwise. So long as he does appear so, set his character before yourselves as a worthy pattern for imitation; and so, like him, may you, dear young friends, be useful in your day and generation.

In the next number of the Casket, we shall give a narrative of the escape of Madame Kossuth from the Austrians, which we doubt not, you will be much interested in. It will be headed with a nice picture, representing the portraits of Madame Kossuth and her children. So look out sharp for that next number, little friends; and tell your young companions to ask their parents to subscribe for them also.



### Three Months Under the Snow.

FROM THE GERMAN, FOR THE CASKET.

THREE Months under the Snow ! only think of it ! Suppose you were to be buried thus for one week, or even a day, how hard it would be ; and yet these of whom I am about to tell you (Louis Lopraz, fifteen years of age, and his grandfather) were buried thus for three long months. Not to be sure buried under a drift of snow, exactly, with nothing to shield them from its chilly touch, for they were in an old cottage, yet the cottage and all were buried in darkness and gloom, dreary enough, as you will see.

It was among the Jura mountains in France that this happened, and the greater part of what you will here read was written by the boy Louis himself, while staying in that desolate abode.

The Jura mountains are very high and are covered with dense forests and pastures. To these pastures the people of the valley are in the habit of driving their cattle during the Summer, where they are tended until Winter begins by a drover who dwells in a little cot made there on purpose. This drover sees to the cattle and takes care of the milk, and makes butter and cheese, which he carries with him when he drives the cattle down to the valley in the fall.

In this manner the drover Francis Lopraz, father to Louis, from Anzindes, situated at the foot of the Juras, spent his summer, in a cot at the summit of the mountain. It was during a beautiful autumn, the month of November having

partly passed, in the year 1847, and the most of the drovers had already returned to their homes, with their cattle. The old grandfather at home became uneasy, and went with his grandson Louis, up the road to the hut. Slowly they ascended the steep mountain, and while on the way, the old man sprained his ankle, by stepping on a stone which rolled from beneath his feet, so that he was only able to drag himself to the hut, by the assistance of a stick, and leaning on his grandson's shoulders. Arriving there they found Francis busy making arrangements, for their return home. Peter, the hired man, wanted to go in advance with their supplies, while Lopraz followed next morning. It appeared to Francis that it would be better if the grandfather and Louis, should go home with Peter, for during the last half hour the wind had changed, and he thought there might be a severe snow storm during the night; but the old man was much exhausted, and required rest, and he came to the conclusion, to allow the servant to go home alone, and to follow him the next day. But the next morning the mountain was covered on all sides with snow, the snow still continuing to fall in dense flakes, tossed around by the whistling winds.

Father and son looked at each other uneasily, and their trouble was much increased, as the old man could scarcely step, his foot was so swollen and lame. At length they determined that Francis should go on with the drove, to return afterward with assistance to conduct the grandfather and his grandson home.

Up to this time, the old man and boy had not tasted food. A goat which they had retained for their own use was milked,

and as it was dark, they lit their lamp, and sat down beside their simple meal. The storm increased; and the shingles of the cottage rattled under its violence. It seemed as though the storm was about carrying off the cottage, so fiercely did it rage. The snow fell very fast, and became so deep that they must stay there in their dreary prison, they knew not how long. It was a dreadful time. We now give the words of the boy, as he wrote them during his stay in the hut.

"As it is the will of God" wrote he, "that I am here imprisoned with my grandfather, I shall write down, what will happen to us in the cottage, that our relations may know, in case we should perish, how we passed our last days, or that we may be grateful to God, in case he should see fit to liberate us, if we should ever again read the story of this fatal time. My grandfather wishes that I should undertake this labor, for the purpose of shortening the hours which drag along so slowly to us."

In another place he wrote:—

"When I awoke this morning I was surrounded with deep darkness, and I thought when I arose, that I had awakened earlier than usual. I heard my grandfather feeling his way around the room, and rubbed my eyes, but it did not become lighter."

"Grandfather" said I, "you are rising before daylight."

"My child, if we should wait until it becomes day, we should have to remain long in our beds. The snow has probably covered the windows."

I cried out, and jumped from my bed to light the lamp. My grandfather's supposition was correct. "But the window,"

he added in a consoling manner, "is low, and it is probable that the snow has only drifted against it. I do not believe that a few steps from the cabin, the snow is as deep.

"I hope that they will come and liberate us" said L.

"I hope so" he answered, "but next to God, we will have to rely on ourselves. If He intends to cover us up here, and force us to remain here some time, we will be obliged to look over our supplies and counsel in what manner we shall consume them. It must have been long since day-break. Listen, the clock is striking seven. Happily we wound it last evening; you must not forget that, for the future. One wishes to know how the time passes, and we must also take good care of our milk provider, Blanchette, the goat."

They had but a scant supply of provisions, a part of which was made up of a few loaves of bread, so hard that they were obliged to cut them with an axe. Blanchette supplied them with milk, and fortunately they had hay and straw in abundance.

After doing what they could to protect themselves from the cold, and from the snow which came down the chimney, the prisoners resigned themselves to the will of Providence.

They had paper, pen and ink, but the supply of lard and oil, was but small. It had to be used sparingly, and they made up their minds, as they did not know how long they would have to remain, to keep the light burning three hours, each day only, and to remain for the rest of the day in sad darkness.

They tried various ways to drive away

the tedious hours. The old man related to his grandson many incidents of his life. He gave him exercises in mental arithmetic. They also occupied themselves, by the gloomy light of the lamps in various kind of work.

On the first of December, Louis wrote as follows:

"While entering this date in my Journal, I am struck with horror. If but the few days of November which have already passed, seemed so long, how will it be during the whole month to come! Oh that it was the last of our imprisonment; but there is no end to be seen yet. The snow has increased still more, so that one might believe, that a whole summer would not be sufficient to melt it. It has risen up to the roof of our cottage, and if I did not go up every day, to clean the chimney, we would soon be unable to open the trap, and kindle the fire. I am only sorry for my grandfather, who cannot leave this prison at all."

In their own misfortune, they did not forget Blanchette. She was liberated from her stable, and brought into the same room with themselves, a change which seemed to please her much.

For the purpose of satisfying his grandfather with one ray of the sun, the light of which he longed to see, Louis was permitted, to undertake the hard task, of clearing a path, a short distance in front of the door. It occupied him for three or four days, when he had the pleasure of leading his grandfather out. But it was very gloomy, and only made their case seem still more desolate, and they soon retired within doors again.

One night a horrible storm arose, which

lasted twenty-four hours, and threatened to destroy the cot. They were obliged to close the trap down, and to dispense with the fire, and also the light of the lamp. The cause of this was, that the wall, formed

when Louis cut the path in front of the door, fell together, and the windows were closed as before. Finally the storm abated, but a new danger threatened them.

[ CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



The Indians and the "Fire-Water."

**M**OST of you, my young readers, I presume, have studied Geography, and can readily tell where the Hudson river is. You can tell me that it is a large stream of water rising in the northern part of this state, and, flowing in a southerly direction, empties into the ocean at the city of New York. Along the banks of this river is some of the most magnificent scenery in the country. There are rocky shores rising up, nearly perpendicularly, several hundred feet and then mountains stretching far away—and beautiful little villages nestling among the hills—and large cities, such as Albany and Troy, and the like. It has not always been so, and in connection with this river I will tell you a story

about the picture you see up there at the head.

A great many years ago, there were no white men in the State of New York, where there are now so many. It was not long after Columbus had discovered America, when Henry Hudson, an Englishman, but employed by some merchants of Holland, in sailing along the coast of what is now the United States, came to a large bay, into which he turned with his vessel for the purpose of making discoveries. He continued to sail along, enchanted by the beauties of the islands and shores, to where the city of New York now is. He saw Indians on the banks, who appeared much amazed at the sight of the large ship, and thought it some huge animal

with wings. But as it did not attempt to hurt them, they soon got over their fears, and came rowing around it in their canoes. They invited Hudson and his men on shore, and treated them as superior beings—the red military coat of Hudson particularly striking them, and giving them an idea that he was the most important personage in the company.

Day after day, the vessels ailed up the river; and how long do you suppose it took to reach where Albany now is, one hundred and fifty miles. I presume you will guess not over three days, especially when you recollect that steamboats now go up in seven hours, and the cars on the railroad, on the bank, in five. But you will be mistaken. It took Hudson twenty-two days, as long as it takes a steamboat now to go from New York to Liverpool and back—a trip, both ways, of about 6000 miles. If you are astonished at this, you must remember that this was the first vessel, and these the first white men that ever sailed up this river. They had to send boats ahead to examine the channel, to see that there were no hidden rocks upon which they might be shipwrecked, which would have been very bad for them, as this was the only ship they had, and they were a great distance from any others—for there were but a dozen in all this country, then. They sailed up to where Albany now stands, and sent their boats ahead as usual. These proceeded up about eight miles, just above Troy, where they found some falls in the river, over which it was impossible to get their vessel. All they had to do, therefore, was to turn about and sail back again to the ocean. And

in returning the scene represented by the picture took place.

Hudson had on board his vessel that which is, even at this day, so great a curse to both the white and the red man. He brought over with him a large quantity of rum and brandy from Holland. This was something with which the Indians were entirely unacquainted. Savages as they were, they had never disgraced themselves by being intoxicated. This was a degradation of which they had no knowledge. Hudson going, on shore one day, at the invitation of a chief, carried some of this "fire-water," as the Indians call it, with him. When they had entered the hut he offered it to the chief and braves to drink. They hesitated, and he drank from the bowl, and then the Indians did the same. The consequence was, that they soon began to feel very strange—they did not know what to make of it. They thought the white man had given them something to kill them. They soon became very angry and quarrelsome, as drunken men are very apt to do, and Hudson, who had but few companions with him, became alarmed, and thought the safest thing they could do was, to hasten back to their ship. This they attempted, but two poor fellows were overtaken by the savages and cruelly murdered with clubs and knives, before they could reach the boat, and while they were a great way from it. Thus we see that the "fire-water," even when it was for the first time given to this poor people, caused such a sad thing as murder. Bitterly have they felt its effects ever since. It has been to them as a consuming fire, and they have wasted away before it like snow before the warm sun. E. E. B.

## The One Talent, Part II.

**C**HARLES Axley's coming! Charles Axley's coming! Get a chair quick, get a chair!" shouted half a dozen voices at once.

This happened during a noon intermission at one of those thousands of district schools which contribute so largely to the glory of our country; and he whose approach was thus so joyfully announced, was the same Charles Axley of whom we had so much to tell you in the last month's number of the Casket, and whom we left so suddenly struck with blindness. We introduce him to you now six or seven years older than he was at that sad hour; poor enough in earthly goods, but rich beyond measure in moral excellence and in the possession of the love of all who knew him.

"Charles Axley's coming!" This is what the scholars shouted, and sure enough he was coming; but where was Jenny, dear Jenny, she who was so inseparable, so devoted a companion to the little Charley of other days? Alas! she had long ago taken up her abode in the silent halls of Death! And Charles had now no loving sister to enliven the pathway of life by her dear companionship. Poor girl, she never recovered from the terrible shock of Charley's blindness. All she could she did in her fruitless endeavors to drive away the gloom that had settled like a cloud over her spirits, for she was a brave girl. She used to lead her blind brother out into the fields and groves, down the valley and up the hill-side, in all places where in happier days they were happiest, and herself look upon their mantling beauties, but Charley could not

enjoy them, and his happiness was the darling desire of her heart. She would be seemingly as playful and chatty as ever, but there was a certain something in the tone of her voice and in the too frequent interruptions of her glee so different from the full outgushing flow of enjoyment that formerly were hers, that even Charley felt that her cheerfulness was forced and unnatural, and that she, rather than himself, was the one who needed consolation; and so successful was he at times in his fond endeavors to overcome the sadness of her heart that once in a while he thought she was even happier than ever; but it was only for a moment, for as soon as the thought came back to her that he could not see, and never would again, her eyes became tearful and her utterance choked with grief. Every thing possible was tried for her relief, but all in vain. Day and night, day and night, and still her thoughts were on her Charley. It was too much for her, and gradually her cheek lost its bloom, and she became more and more feeble, and finally sunk into the grave, a poor broken-hearted girl.

O! what a dreadful blow was this, indeed, to Charley. Far worse than blindness, or dying. Now he was lonely, ah! how lonely! Jenny's presence had been to him like the presence of an angel, and her voice was the music to which his heart had ever beat in sweetest harmony. Ah, it seemed so cruel, only that God had done it and meant it for good and so it was good.

Well, dear young friends—do you suppose that Charley in this sad plight gave

up and said to himself "Well, well, I am blind, and dreadfully afflicted; no one will expect any thing of me now, and there is nothing I can do, I won't try." Do you think he used such words as those? No, no! not he. He was no such worthless thing as to say so, but a real true-born hero. Such a hero as Napoleon never was, and never could have been.

Before he was blind he had learned from his Testament that he who has so much as but one talent will be held responsible for its right improvement, and he felt that there was much that he could do, though he was blind, and *he would do it.* Charles Axley was a man, every inch of him.

So soon as he had come to realize that sight was no more for him, he began to learn how to do many things by the practice of which he could in some measure relieve his parents from the burden of his support. He learned how to make door-mats, fix bottoms in chairs, and braid straw for hats, and generally, while at home, kept himself pretty constant at such sorts of business.

Indeed, he found enough to do; and it would have been a profit to you, I am sure, could you have seen him for only once even, while thus employed, he was always so cheerful; sometimes singing with a sweet voice such scraps of hymns and innocent songs as he had learned from his mother, and sometimes conversing with her or others about whatever happened for the time to be interesting. And he could converse intelligently too, on many subjects, which, though I hope not, yet I fear, dear readers, many of you would find a little too puzzling. Charles Axley was a boy of thought. None of

your empty-headed or rattle-brained fellows was he, but a sober, earnest thinker, who, when he got his mind once on a subject kept it there till he had fairly comprehended it, if such were possible; and this was one great reason why he was so wise and resolute in all his determinations. And you may depend upon it, dear young friends, that unless you accustom yourselves to habits of close thinking, and thus learn to master whatever comes within the power of your minds, you will always be comparatively feeble and irresolute in whatever matters you employ yourselves upon, and will hardly be worth a straw, so far as real, permanent usefulness is concerned. It is not the capacity of your minds so much as the habits to which you train them that is all important. However limited your powers may be, if you use them rightly, the world will have reason to be thankful that you were born into it. Always remember this.

But we have not yet come to that which was Charles Axley's noblest and most precious work. I have told you what a mother Charley had—and such a mother, too, she was—and how diligent she was to teach him of God and his Savior. He did not, as too many do, forget those instructions as he grew older; they sunk deep into his heart and his heart loved them; and as from his Bible, accompanied by the instructions of his mother, he had become acquainted with so much of good, he determined to distribute according to his ability to those of his own age with whom he associated; and most faithfully did he carry out this blessed determination. Not, to be sure, by any ostentatious display of goodness and zeal, but by

constant though quiet and humble endeavors, first, to make his associates feel, by the sweet magic of kind words and generous acts, that he loved them, and loved to see them happy; and secondly, by oftentimes gradually and naturally guiding their conversation and thoughts to such subjects as were useful and worthy.

He seldom ever went abroad without some little present or other, which was given to this or that one of his young friends. Some simple thing it might have been, and was perhaps most generally the work of his own hands, and such as a city boy or girl would likely enough think scarcely worthy attention, and yet, which was presented with so gentle a grace, and with so much feeling, that it became at once, to the heart of its possessor, a dearly treasured keepsake. Ah! my little masters and misses, unless you have tried it you can scarcely imagine what a world of influence there is in kind words and loving acts. Why, they will almost remove mountains, I was going to say, but at any rate they will oftentimes do what nothing else earthly can do, they will move willful hearts that have become corrupted and hardened by sin.

Thus did Charles Axley live, and thus did he act, always and everywhere, until he too was laid in the grave beside his dear sister Jenny; and a sorrowful time it was in the valley when his friends were called to perform that mournful task, as you may well suppose, he was so beloved by every one who knew him; and most sweet was his memory in the hearts of all, ever after, he was so good while he lived. O! he was worthy to be remembered.

And thus, I have written all I propose

to write about Charles Axley. My object has been, not to entertain you with an idle tale, but to impress upon your minds, and if possible upon your hearts, the loveliness of virtue acted out under all circumstances, and above all the virtue of doing what you can, though never so little, to make those by whom you are surrounded happy. Although you may be unknown and almost powerless, still, no being on earth, however high or powerful, can fill your places in life. Neither suppose that because some great misfortune has befallen you, you will therefore be excused from doing the best you can. To excuse you thus even, would be a monstrous wrong to all else. You cannot be excused. So long as you have the power of doing any thing, no matter how little, for the happiness of others, you will be robbing the world of so much as you leave undone, and you will have to answer to God for that robbery. Improve all the talents you have. What though no earthly being sees you, those glorious ones of Heaven are looking down upon you, and what higher audience could you wish; and the approval of your own consciences, and the peace of your own hearts, will be to you an ample reward for all your well-doing; and, through the blood of Christ, God will bless you with happiness as great as you could wish, both here and hereafter.

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**S**UCH as have virtue always in their mouths, and neglect it in practice, are like a harp, which emits a sound pleasing to others, while itself is insensible of the music.



### The Devil's Hole.

**L**UCY. Mother, I should think folks would be afraid to go to the falls of Niagara, when they are so close to such a dreadful place, shouldn't you?

MOTHER. Why what do you mean by that, Lucy? I am sure I don't understand you.

L. Why, I was reading just now, in the little book which uncle Joshua left here, that it was only a little way from the Falls to the Devil's Hole, and I shouldn't think folks would dare to go so near it.

M. And so you think they call it the Devil's Hole because the Devil is there, do you?

L. Well, I am sure I don't know why they should call it so, unless it be because he is there, or something of the sort.

M. And yet, my daughter, it is for neither one of these, that people call it so; though we might rejoice if he were to be found nowhere else.

L. Then why is it that people give it such a name, Mother?

M. I will tell you, Lucy. The river

below the falls, has very high and steep banks, five or six times higher than this house; and about three miles from the falls, down the river on the American side, there is a very deep and dark chasm, notched into the bank from its top to its bottom, which is so gloomy, and almost frightful to look into, that people call it the Devil's Hole.

L. Well, I am sure I thought it was because the devil really lived there. But do folks ever go in there, mother?

M. Sometimes visitors go down into it from curiosity, but it is very difficult getting down to the bottom, its sides are so high and steep. It is enough to set one's head a swimming to look down into it. Here you see a picture of it, as it would appear looking from the other side of the river, though it has but little of the gloominess of the real place, from such a distance. There is a sad history connected with the Devil's Hole, which perhaps did something toward giving it so ugly a name.

L. What is that mother?

M. It is of an event which happened in 1763, eighty-nine years ago, a few years before the Revolutionary war commenced. It happened thus:—a train of loaded wagons, twenty-four in number, with all their drivers, under the direction of a man named Stedman, and accompanied by a guard of fifty soldiers with their officers, were passing the Devil's Hole, when they were attacked by a great number of Indians.

L. And did the Indians kill them, mother?

M. Yes, they either killed them or drove them over the high precipice, so that they fell into the Hole, and were dashed in pieces.

L. O, how dreadful! But mother didn't any of them get away from the Indians?

M. Yes, one man, Mr. Stedman, though some accounts say there were two or three others who escaped.

L. Mother, how came Mr. Stedman to get away?

M. He was on horseback, and an Indian had hold of the bridle, and was leading him out to the woods; but as the Indian was looking in some other direction, Mr. Stedman took a knife, and cut the bridle close to the bits, and putting spurs to his horse dashed away into the woods and escaped.

L. But couldn't the Indians get him again?

M. No, they tried to shoot him, but he

was soon beyond their reach, and got away unhurt. It is also said, that a little drummer-boy, as he was falling from the bank, was caught in the limb of a tree by his drum-strap, so that his fall, before he reached the bottom of the hole, was sufficiently broken to save his life.

L. O! what wicked Indians.

M. Ah! my daughter, it is very easy for us to call them wicked for doing thus, and yet the white men have done many things to the Indians, quite as wicked as this would seem to be. The poor Indians have oftentimes been greatly wronged and misrepresented, and deserve our pity rather than our censure. But it is now time you were attending to your lessons.



**Black Capped Titmouse or Chickadee.**

**T**HIS little fellow is the victim of the Butcher Bird, of which we told you in the last number of the Casket. He is a great favorite with all, being among the few birds that remain with us during the whole year, in winter approaching the house to pick up

crumbs of bread and the refuse of the pantry. At such times, he becomes very tame. You may see him almost any day, at this season of the year, whether you live in town or country, as he seldom fails of visiting the wood-pile, apple-tree, currant or rose bushes, and sometimes

resting upon the window sill, and if a few crumbs of bread are thrown out to him, he is sure to renew his visit, bringing some of his companions with him, when it is very curious and amusing, to see how cheerful and happy they are, while, with their little naked feet, they hop about on the snow, and among the frozen branches, often repeating their few lively notes, which sound very much like pronouncing the words *chick-a-de-de*.

This bird is found as far north as the region of Hudson's Bay, where they are seen in great numbers about the habitations of the traders in winter, in search of food.

About the middle of April they build their nest, choosing the deserted hole of a squirrel or woodpecker. The female lays from six to eight eggs, and raises two broods in a year.

#### The Eyes of Infant Innocence.

BY J. CLEMENT.

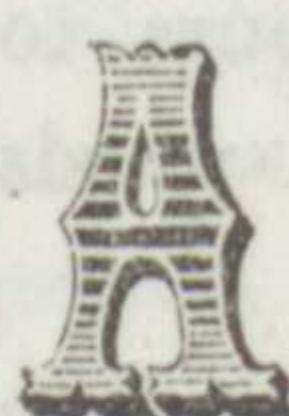
My child, thy lustrous eyes to me  
Two volumes seem divinely gilt,  
Where Truth has scattered jewelry  
Like star-dust Night has thickly spilt.  
And calm through each thy spirit peers,  
Entranced with visions angel-bright,  
And, winged for higher, purer spheres,  
Seems waiting for the morning light.

'Twas thus I wrote but yesterday,  
And, ah ! too true the picture drawn !  
Those lustrous orbs are closed for aye,  
That spirit to its home has gone !  
A few brief months it lingered here,  
Filling with heavenly light those eyes,  
Which summon now the virgin tear  
While gazing fresh on Paradise.

November 6th, 1851.



#### Modeling in Card-board. No. 1.



MONG the many in-door pursuits in which boys or girls can indulge, there is not one more interesting and instructive than that of MODELING IN CARD-BOARD, and we flatter ourselves that the following little treatise will afford much gratification to such of our readers as may happen to have their organs of constructiveness strongly developed.

The implements requisite are not very numerous or expensive; they consist of a parallel rule; a flat rule or scale, divided into inches, halves, quarters, and half-

quarter inches; a T square, fig. 1, in the accompanying illustration; a carpenter's square, fig. 2; a pair of compasses, fig. 3; having a movable leg, with pencil, steel-pen, and knife to fit in, as occasion may require; knives of the shape represented in fig. 4; punches of various sizes; a pair of scissors; one or two chisels; and a drawing-board of well-seasoned wood.

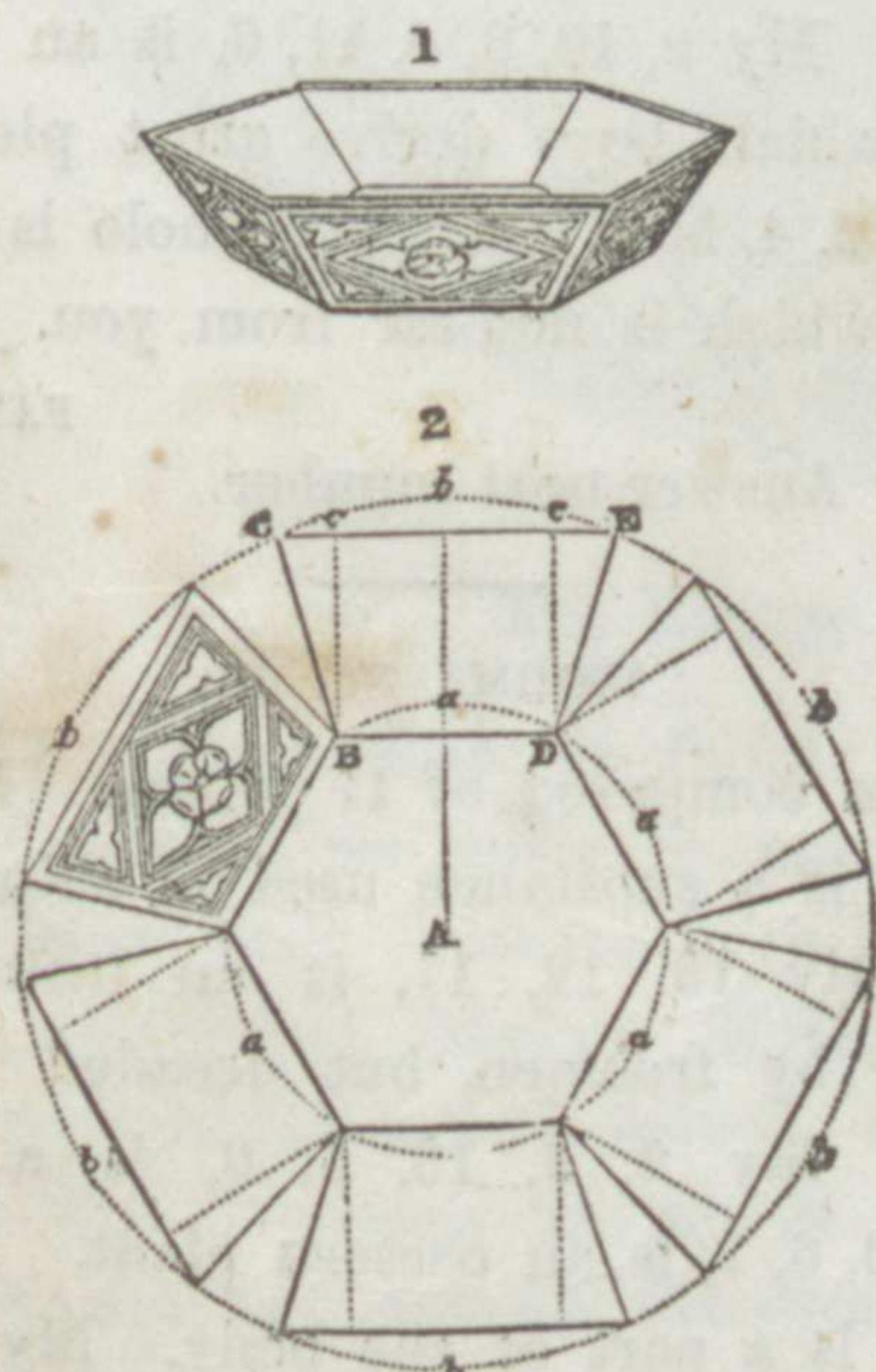
The card-board should be secured to the drawing-board, either by pasting it down round the edges, or by fixing it down by a pin in each corner. After



the design is carefully made out, the rule or square must be pressed very firmly and evenly upon it, and the knife carried steadily close to the side of the rule. In cutting circles, it is better not to cut quite through the card-board, with the point of the knife, but to finish with the edge of the blade, or the scissors.

Common glue is frequently employed for fastening the edges of card-board together, but it requires to be used very carefully, otherwise the yellow tint of the glue looks very disagreeable and unworkman-like. Mouth glue is also sometimes used; it is no more than common glue with a little scent in it, to take away its disagreeable odor.

We shall commence our instructions with some directions respecting the manufacture of baskets in card-board as they are easy of execution, and form a good prelude to the more difficult subjects. In the annexed illustration, fig. 1 is a repre-



sentation of regular hexagonal, or six-sided, basket; and in fig. 2, the plan of it is shown. Draw a circle of the dimensions you wish the bottom of your basket to be, as at *a, a, a, a, a*, fig. 2, and divide it off

into six parts; next make another circle at the intended height of the sides, as *b, b, b, b, b, b*, and draw lines through the corners of the opposite sides of the hexagon, as shown by the dotted lines, and the perpendicular form of the sides will be then obtained. To give the necessary slant to the sides, a certain measurement must be taken, as *C, c, c, E*, on each side of the dotted lines; and the same measurement must be observed with all the sides, otherwise, when put together, the inclination of the sides, as at *B, C, D, E*, will not correspond as truly as they should do; these lines being adjusted, straight lines must be made on the outer circle, as *C, E*, to mark the straight tops of the sides of the basket exactly parallel with the inner hexagon. If the young artist wishes to make any ornaments upon the sides, they must be drawn and cut out carefully ere the sides are separated from the surrounding board. The ornament shewn in our figure is well adapted for this shaped basket, and has a pretty effect when cut through, and delicately tinted paper put behind it. When detaching the side pieces from the sheet of card-board, and inner hexagon, the operator must be cautious to cut with great steadiness and accuracy; and when joining the sides together, care should be taken to keep them in their proper places, till the cement is quite dry.

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**W**EVER be afraid to do right because somebody will laugh at you. Never do wrong because somebody will applaud you. Never be ashamed of an old hat, if it is well brushed and the best you have.

## Editor's Table.

THE CASKET has now got pretty fairly under way, and we have great reason to feel gratified that it has been so well received by both young and old. The weather, hitherto, has been far from favorable to the early success of such an enterprise; and yet, scarcely a day passes in which some encouraging intelligence from the wanderings of our little sheet does not come to us, through all the blustering and noisy chilliness which seems to pervade the whole outdoor world. To all patrons and friends (not forgetting our young friends of course,) who have so generously enlisted themselves in our behalf, and to the press, which has so kindly noticed our humble efforts, we feel truly thankful, and shall do our utmost to make the Casket not unworthy of their confidence.

MR. EDITOR:—I suppose you Editors know pretty much every thing, and I should be glad to have you tell us how the name of "*Kossuth*" is pronounced. Folks speak it in so many ways that, what between this pronunciation and that, I have got completely lost. Do, please, if you can, give us some light on the subject, and much oblige,

your faithful subscriber,  
RICHARD W.

The mistake our young correspondent has fallen into with respect to "you editors," he will probably learn to correct as he gains in age and experience; but here, so far as we have been able to collect it, is the called for light. *Kossuth* is pronounced, as though written "Kos-shoot."

To CORRESPONDENTS. Our correspondents are getting to be quite liberal of their contributions, and we are glad of it, especially as they send us such excellent ones. We have a few carefully laid away for the next number. We would just hint to those who send us enigmas, to compose them in such a way, that the answers will not suggest themselves too readily. "Keep dark" is an applicable saying for such things.

### ENIGMA NO. I.

I am composed of 12 letters. My 10, 2, 6, 9, 3, 4, 5, is the name of a distinguished patriot. My 1, 2, 3, is a personal pronoun. My 7, 8, 12, is an animal. My 10, 8, 12, 11, 5, 8, 16, is the name of a celebrated singer. My 7, 8, 10, 11, is used for food. My 5, 8, 12, is an article of dress. My 7, 8, 6, 5, is an indispensable convenience. My 7, 8, 6, 10, is made by coopers. My 4, 11, 8, is a beverage. My 9, 10, 8, 4, 11, 6, is an article from which boys derive great pleasure. My 7, 2, 4, is a bed. My whole is something which is not far from you.

FANNY.

☞ Answer next number.

### ENIGMA NO. II.

I am composed of 17 letters. My 16, 14, 15, is a substance used in ship-building. My 13, 12, 11, is an instrument prized by freemen, but dreaded by tyrants. My 2, 3, 13, 5, 6, is a fruit. My 16, 6, 2, is an eastern plant. My 17, 2, 15, is a part of the body. My 10, 1, is a preposition. My 4, 14, 15, is useful to seamen. My 9, 6, is a verb. My whole was a great commander. JOSEPHINE W.

☞ Answer next number.